

# Canibus Lyrics

## "For Whom The Beat Tolls"

*[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]*

"I am writing under appreciable strain  
Since by tonight I should be no more"

*[Casting spell]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours  
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours  
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near  
I walk where no man dares  
So the world could share one man's fair  
My cares are your cares  
Your tears are my tears  
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers  
I eavesdrop on your prayers  
The industry could not stop my career  
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?  
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack  
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap  
Real rap is like chemical crack  
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back  
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track  
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap  
Do these magazines mention that? NO!  
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!  
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!  
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!  
They just use us, abuse us  
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us  
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks  
Now it's all up to you, buts...

*[Church bell sounds]*